Whiskey Fishing

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Whiskey Fishing

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will takes a bottle of whiskey night fishing and encounters a creature from the deep.

Notes

Inspired by MerMay/MerMads and the whiskey bottom Will.

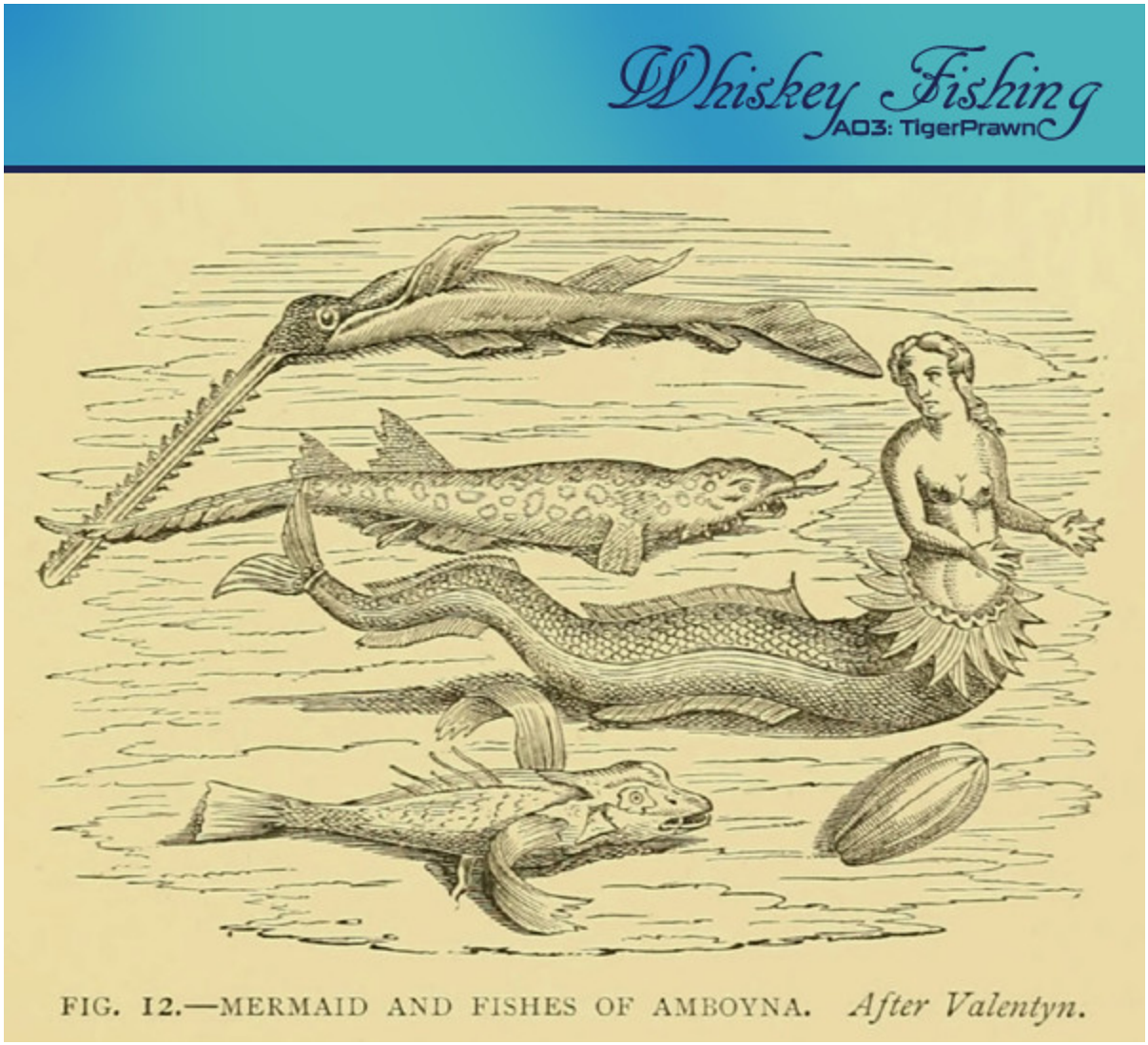

FIG. 12.—MERMAID AND FISHES OF AMBOYNA. *After Valentyn.*

Will gasped as the creature pushed his legs further up. He took hold behind his knees, pulling them practically behind his ears as he lay flat on his back in the belly of his small fishing boat.

The creature braced itself over him, his hips undulating so that his massive, tapered penis pushed deep into Will on every thrust. Such a controlled movement that the boat barely even rocked.

Will sobbed and groaned, feeling like he was being split apart. Feeling like he was never going to know pleasure like this again. Already mourning the thought of it being over as his cock weeped.

He looked up, over the creature's shoulder, up at the stars. Wondering how on earth this happened. Wondering exactly how much whiskey he'd had before he'd ended up with his ankles in the air.

Three Hours Earlier

Will Graham was a quiet man.

An outsider and a loner. He'd moved to the small fishing town when life in the city hadn't worked out from him.

He'd moved from Baltimore, in 1857, after things had fallen apart there. He'd joined the relatively new Baltimore constabulary because he'd wanted to do good. But it turned out there was nothing but split loyalties and in-fighting. In the end it had reinforced that his desire to not have to deal with people was stronger than putting up with the shit. So he had moved, making a living out of casual jobs here and there fixing things up.

It was a solitary life but the best he'd had for a long while.

Wolftrap reminded him of the sort of towns his dad moved him around as a kid, always new, never putting down roots. But he had liked a lot of the places and wished they'd stayed.

He didn't much care that he was, just as with the places as a kid, always looked upon with suspicion. The strange loner who lived out in the woods with a couple of stray dogs and a bottle of whiskey for company. People left him alone and he was perfectly happy with that.

Will sighed contentedly and took a swig from his bottle, the boat swaying slightly with his movement.

He had his line all set up and the wide river that ran through the woods would be excellent for night fishing and this was his first chance. He wasn't much bothered by the local folklore that some sea monster had made its way up river at some point and made the waters unsafe at night. He thought it most like just people unused to the size some fish could grow to, or maybe the movement of shoal that they confused for something else.

He had been working with some of the local lumberjacks for the past week and he had been looking forward to getting out on his boat and relaxing whilst he fished for his dinner for the coming days. He wasn't about to get concerned over fairytales.

Will had imbibed enough whiskey to be filled with a pleasant, fuzzy warmth. Not sober but not uncomfortably drunk. He had just taken another swig, savouring the heat of it, when he thought he saw something in the water.

He chuckled to himself and shook his head. Now even he was starting to get spooked by the local legends. Ridiculous.

He cleared his throat and checked the line, still nothing.

But there it was again!

Something.

Something he hadn't seen before despite spending his adolescence on boats. A movement in the water, the way the flow of the river changed. He couldn't see what caused it, but he'd

never before seen anything like the way the water was disturbed by the movement beneath. It was enough to make the boat rock gently in the otherwise slow river.

“Fuck,” Will grabbed the sides of the boat and clutched onto it. It wasn’t that the rocking was enough to topple him, just that it was so utterly unexpected.

The flame of his lamp flickered for a moment, and he stopped breathing, not wanting to be plunged into the darkness of the night.

Just as the boat started to settle it happened again, Will whipped around to watch as the trail of disturbed water passed under and rocked the boat once more. His heart pounded and his breath stilled as, at the tail end of the ripple, something broke the surface.

It was gone again within moments, and then Will was scrambling for the oars.

He dropped one as soon as he took them up and then scurried to get hold of it again. Now he could hear the water, the disturbance larger as whatever caused it grew nearer to the surface. It passed by again and this time the boat rocked wildly.

Will let out a sharp, panicked cry, expecting any moment that the momentum would throw him. But then it stopped.

The boat was perfectly still as though beached. There were no rocks in this part of the river, nothing he could account for having snagged the boat.

He shook as he tried to catch his breath, fear making his skin feel like ice.

“Argh…” Will cried out as something emerged from the water at the bow. At first he thought it was some creature coming up out of the water, but then it unfurled and the dim flame of the lamp made the smooth, leathery surface shine.

Will recognised it from one of the texts he had on the shelf of his little cabin. It wasn’t a fish but a sea mammal. A porpoise of some sort.

Intrigue smothered his fear and Will found himself leaning forward to study the tail. But just as suddenly as it had appeared it slipped back into the water. Will scrambled to the bow, the boat still held in place, eerily not moving at all. When he looked down the water was nothing but black ink.

He wished the moon was higher in the sky this night. The stars were bright but illuminated even less than his lamp.

He took the lamp from it’s hook and raised the wick, allowing it to burn brighter as he peered once more over the side of the boat.

The face in the water, like a dead body beneath the surface, almost made him drop the lamp into the river. But instead Will scrambled back, dropping it into the bow of the boat as he put his back to the stern.

The boat still did not move.

“Fuck,” He mumbled, feeling around in the boat for his knife.

His hand wrapped around the hilt just as the boat began to gently rock, just the gentle motions of the river, nothing more. As though it had been released.

Will wondered if it was over, if whatever he had seen - or thought he’d seen - was now gone.

He started to move, trembling as he crawled back towards the bow with knife in hand.

Will picked up the lamp and looked over the side and now there was nothing there. Just the dark waters rippling as expected.

“You’re not from here.” The rumbled masculine voice, scratchy as though from an unused throat, made Will startle.

This time he kept hold of the lamp in a tight grip as he turned to the stern and the source of the voice.

Will was frozen to the spot, his body shaking as he took in the sight before him.

Very coolly, the creature blinked at him.

It looked like a man, but the texture of his skin was the same as the tail. His hair was long and appeared to be adorned with various water flora. Despite the almost blue hue to the skin, it was clear even in the lamp light, that the creature’s eyes were black but for the red flecks of the iris. It was equally monstrous and beautiful.

“Do you not speak?” The creature asked, pulling himself up further for a moment, as though he were going to get in the boat with Will. Perhaps it was the expression on Will’s face that made the creature change its mind, for then he sank slowly back into the water up to his shoulders.

Will tried to catch his breath, moving in the boat, rocking it once more, as he tried to follow the creature’s movements and keep it in sight.

It swam like a man, circling the boat as thought treading water. Will’s attention was drawn to the way the muscles moved under his flesh, the healed burn on his back in the shape of a monogrammed seal. Like one would brand upon livestock.

“Why were you branded?” Will found himself asking.

At that the creature stopped and turned to him, raising itself next to the boat again in order to meet Will’s eyes. He could imagine the creature’s long tail snaked to the bottom of the river bed and pushed it upwards.

“I was captured. I escaped.” The words came easier, but it was clear that was all Will was getting. And then the creature said, “Quid pro quo.”

It had been years since his schooldays and the inconsistent lessons in the dead language, but Will’s mind pulled up enough understanding of the Latin phrase to know that his own answer

was still expected.

Will cleared his throat, “No, not originally. I grew up all over, and now I’m here.”

The words shouldn’t come this easily. He should be terrified. Perhaps it was the whiskey that had him at ease in a way he really shouldn’t be?

The creature raised a brow and looked him up and down, as though curious as to the stretch of years missed out from Will’s explanation. But he seemed to have a different curiosity to satisfy.

“You aren’t a stranger to the water.”

“No, I worked on many boats when I was a young man.”

There was a nod then, very slight. “Despite the fermented grain you have ingested, you are seaworn enough to not have capsized your boat when I happened upon you.”

It was rhetorical and Will waited for more. If anything it had felt like something of a compliment, and he had the strange sense that the creature might have eaten him if he had capsized. When the creature didn’t continue, Will replied, “Thanks.”

The creature’s lips tweaked into a smirk.

“You are male?” The creature asked, again his gaze roamed.

Will swallowed, frowned and nodded at the odd question and intense eyes.

“I prefer males. Do you prefer females?” It asked.

Will’s frown deepened and a sense of excited dread washed over him. What was it asking?

“I… like women well enough. I don’t keep much company.” Will tried to answer without really understanding the question.

“You keep company with men?” It pressed, as though trying to use Will’s own phrasing to make it more understandable. When Will didn’t immediately reply, it added, “Carnally?”

Will let out a small, shocked noise, as he tried to move back from the creature, trapped as he was on this boat in the dark river.

“I…” Will stuttered not wanting to answer. Not really knowing how to answer, or why he even should. He knew he could get a woman if he wanted one. There had been plenty of prostitutes in Baltimore had he wanted his pick. But men?

Will found his gaze falling upon the bottle of whiskey.

There had been times where a few drinks had loosened his thoughts, and allowed interesting and unspeakable fantasies creep in.

“Your skin is flushed. Mine doesn’t do that. I like it.” The creature commented and moved forward, reaching out as though to stroke a hand over Will’s face. But it stopped short and let it’s hand drop down instead. All the same, he was further into the boat, the muscles of his tail straining effortlessly to hold him there.

Will was startled when it lifted the bottle of whiskey and handed it to him. He took it in a shaky hand.

“Perhaps more?” It asked, apparently wanting to encourage Will to get drunk. “I became trapped in this river and it has been a long time since I have had... compatible company. There are no other animals in this river that can accomodate me. And I am very discerning when it comes to humans.”

There was a coldness as he said the words, but again it felt like a compliment aimed at Will.

“Compatible?” Will asked, knowing the moment the word left his mouth that he shouldn’t have done. That he likely didn’t want to know, despite the nervous anticipation he felt.

“My phallus would rip them apart,” The creature explained so matter-of-factly that Will almost laughed.

“You… You want to…” Will tried to gather his thoughts. Tried to ignore the stirring between his legs at the thoughts he *did* have.

He unstoppered the whiskey and took another gulp so quickly that it resulted in a coughing fit that brought tears to his eyes.

It touched him then.

Will should have flinched but the touch was so tender that he didn’t. Damp, and a coolness to the skin and yet a warmth beneath it.

There was the slightest movement of the boat and Will realised, as the creature’s hand stroked over his back as though to loosen the cough, it had now entirely boarded the boat. Only the end of his tail hung over into the river.

Will blinked the tears from his eyes and settled himself, as he looked the creature over.

The creature sat next to him and they were of a height. It bent in the same places a person would, at the waist and knee, though it didn’t really possess them.

It was all powerful muscles and thick leathery skin. Will could see now that his skin really was a blueish grey, so pale that it was strange it had any colour at all.

“I want to lay with you. As you might lay with a woman. I have not had a release for quite some time.” The words were rumbled and the soft touch at Will’s back continued, up until it was gently playing with the hair at Will’s nape.

Such a rich and deep voice, it drew Will in and he had a brief thought about the idea of siren songs.

“Why me?” Will near whispered, finding his body reacting to the attention in ways he couldn’t deny.

The creature drew closer, his breath ghosting over Will’s skin as he replied, “I find you interesting. I have crossed the path of many humans, but none before that I wanted to know more intimately.”

Will gulped.

The creature’s lips parted in a smile, revealing sharpened teeth. Will sucked in a breath and then the mouth descended upon his in a chaste press. Chaste at first, at least.

A moment later the creature undulated closer, using the muscle of its dolphin-like tail to move itself. And then the kiss deepened as it pressed itself against him.

Will knew he should be terrified, but instead he found himself hard and moaning into the kiss.

A moment of realisation swept over him, and Will tried to back away, falling flat on his back in the boat as his hands pressed to the creature’s chest. It towered over him but didn’t force itself on him, just waited for what it was Will was going to say or do.

“Wait,” Will forced out and tried to catch his breath even as his fingers sank into the damp hair on the creature’s chest. It felt wonderful beneath his hands, as did the thundering heartbeat and slowly heating skin.

Will swallowed, “I’ve not… not done this before. With a, um, male.”

The creature cocked its head. “You are unreceptive?”

“No,” Will surprised himself with how quickly he spat out the word, his cock twitching against his pants. “I’m receptive. I just, um…”

“I won’t hurt you,” It said gently, “It won’t hurt…” It took hold of one of Will’s hands and moved it slowly from his chest and down his body. It stopped at a slit and Will blinked, trying to picture what he was feeling as an appendage emerged. It was tapered and wet. It damn near started to curl around his hand as it emerged more fully, growing thicker by the inch.

Will hadn’t realised he’d removed his other hand from the creature’s chest until it pressed closer to him and kissed him again.

It was slow this time, almost unbearably sensual.

Will could only moan when the creature’s hands roughly pulled apart his trousers, finally breaking the kiss to pull his trousers down to his shins, stopped there by his boots.

The creature’s eyes glinted in the lamp light as it eyed him hungrily. For a moment Will was sure it was going to duck down and bite his very erect member clean off of his body.

He gasped as the creature moved down, his tail shifting support, so that he could take Will's cock into his mouth. It sank all the way down and then sucked up and off, his eyes turning up to Will's.

"Fuck," Will muttered, his hips thrusting up into the strange sensation of the creature's soft, mouth. It had felt the most enticing combination of warm and cool, and Will wanted more.

This went on for another minute, Will writhing and moaning, until the creature pulled off and moved back up him.

"I promise, I will not hurt you." It said with such solemn dedication that Will could do nothing but nod and believe it.

Even so, Will tensed when it felt the tickle of something against his hole. It flicked against him like a tongue, though not as wet. And then it pushed and probed.

The creature stilled and let out a deep groan that sounded more like a whale song, as it breached him.

"Ungghhh," Will cried out, his hands flying to grab the creature's shoulders tight as it held its frame above him.

It didn't hurt, far from it. The sensation of something little more than the size of a finger, sliding into him with absolutely no resistance, was intense and wonderful. He clenched around it, a reaction to the pleasure rather than to stop it. It made his balls draw up tight and his cock bob. He had no idea how he was going to last if he took more.

But take more he did.

The creature moved slowly, straining over Will, his own pleasure evident and unbidden on his face. Gently moving, his cock slithered into Will. The stretch as it thickened with every inch, made Will sob in ecstasy.

His eyes rolled and he lifted his legs up around the creature, pulling them flush until even more was inside him.

When it moved, when it curled and snaked about inside him, Will screamed.

Not from pain or distress, but the shock of the movement and the pleasure as it pressed against something deep within him that made his cock leak and his balls ache.

"Please…" Will begged, not even sure what he was begging for.

"Hannibal," The creature growled, "My name… Call me, by my name…"

"Hannibal," Will gasped, feeling the reaction as it shuddered when Will spoke his name.

In an unexpected show of intimacy, the creature pressed forward and leaned their foreheads together as it continued to explore him. The prehensile penis curled inside of him, thickening at the deepest point, but also allowing more in. It was overwhelming to take even more of the

creature, but not painful and far from unpleasant. From the slickness it exuded and the way it stretched him by gentle increments, the creature had kept its promise not to hurt him.

The creature pressed forward with a grunt, the end of his tail still trailing over into the water, as though he were on his knees as it bottomed out. When their flesh smacked together, his hips meeting Will's ass, they both groaned with delight.

They held there for a minute, both panting, and all else calm and still on the river. Finally it pulled back so it sat 'kneeling', gripping hold of Will's legs as it looked down and pulled out ever so slightly. Another minute of glorious pleasure passed as it watched itself slide in and out of Will.

With a shuddering breath it was on him again.

Will gasped as the creature pushed his legs further up. He took hold behind his knees, pulling them practically behind his ears to hold himself open and welcoming.

The creature braced itself over him, his hips undulating so that his massive tapered penis pushed deeper into Will on every thrust. Such a controlled movement that the boat barely even rocked, balanced by his tail. It wriggled inside him, furling and unfurling. Reaching down, Will could feel the bulge of it in his stomach, squirming beneath his hand and pressing up into the touch.

Will sobbed and groaned, feeling like he was being split apart. Feeling like he was never going to know pleasure like this again. Already mourning the thought of it being over as his cock weeped.

He looked up, over the creature's shoulder, up at the stars. Wondering how on earth this happened. Wondering exactly how much whiskey he'd had before he'd ended up with his ankles in the air.

It didn't matter.

"Hannibal," Will breathed his name as he beared down, pushed back. He braced himself against the boat as he started to fuck himself onto the massive cock. Each thrust met now knocked the air from his lungs and sent a shiver through his body.

His cock was so hard it ached. He was sure that he might pass out if he didn't come soon. And he wanted to come. He wanted to feel his body clench around his lover's thick member. He wanted to be able to feel him forever, for the coming weeks, months, years that he would likely be without this.

As though reading his mind, there was another caress within him. The tapered tip wriggling inside him until it stimulated that *part* again, Will nearly doubled over at the contact. His whole body contracting and releasing in waves of pleasure that grew as they radiated from his balls.

And then he exploded all over himself. Coming so hard that his cry was a scream.

It landed in a hot splatter over his clothes and further, hitting against his cheek. His whole body tightened, or maybe Hannibal's swelled. Because then he felt so unbelievably full, he couldn't breath. It started to burn, but it was an amazing feeling, and pleasure from the pain as his entire body seemed to take hold of Hannibal and not want to release him.

"Oh lord, oh sweet Jesus," Will blasphemed as the creature pressed against him again, filling him completely and covering his body with his own. He leaned down and slowly, sensually, licked the come from Will's before quickly kissing him.

Will was startled by the kiss, by the taste of his own seed. By the thought of what it might be like to taste someone else's, perhaps Hannibal's. He groaned into the kiss as he imagined sucking the creature's cock into his mouth.

Very slowly, very gently, Hannibal began to rock them together. A motion matched by the sensual movements inside him. Will groaned and wondered if he might end up hard again, as Hannibal moved to nuzzle against his neck, holding him tight and sliding deeper within him.

"I should refrain," Hannibal rumbled against his ear, "I should not spill within you. It will be a lot..."

Will let out an unexpected whine at the words and slid his arms up around Hannibal's neck, gripping his legs around him once more.

"Inside me, please. Fuck. Please." Will begged, an unbearable feeling of disappointment at the thought of not receiving the culmination of their love making.

Will clung to Hannibal as he nodded, and his hips moved faster. He went deeper, he writhed all the more, filling every space within Will.

It was with a hoarse cry that Hannibal released within him. Will could feel it, the warmth of his seed as it spread and filled him. Will sobbed a groan and his hands went to his stomach, clutching it as it swelled. He could feel Hannibal still throbbing, still spilling as his belly grew.

It took him a moment to realise he was hard again himself, and mere seconds later he was coming again. Not as much this time, it drooled down his cock and he sobbed at the sensitivity.

Hannibal grunted as Will tightened around him again, then pressed deep into him once more as a fresh flood was drawn from him.

Will let out a cry, reaching the verge of discomfort but finding he loved it. He wanted it. He never wanted any other carnal experience but this again.

Hannibal stilled and rested their foreheads together again, such a wonderful act that Will found himself enjoying it immensely. They breathed together, coming down together, until their breaths were even and they were both entirely spent.

“I shouldn’t have, I made you a promise.” Hannibal’s words were quiet and full of self reproach.

“No,” Will shook his head and then raised his hands to Hannibal’s face, holding him there as their eyes met. “I wanted this, I begged you. And you didn’t hurt me.” Will cheek’s heated, “or at least, the little pain I did feel, I enjoyed very much.”

“Mmm,” Hannibal’s lips curved into a smile and he rumbled a fond hum of amusement. “I am very pleased to know this.”

Will chuckled and shook his head again, this time not a dismissal so much as disbelieve. This was so insane he really wasn’t sure it was happening at all. Maybe he’d had more whiskey than he’d thought?

But then Hannibal started to ease back and withdraw and there was no way that sensation was in his mind.

Will groaned, both with pleasure and loss, as Hannibal’s cock began to slip out of him. It seemed to be retracting a little at the same time as Hannibal pulled back.

As he slipped out entirely, Will couldn’t help a sigh.

As the creature’s come began to ooze from him, spilling into the boat with a wet splatter, Will felt bereft.

He could have sobbed at the loss, wanted to, but then Hannibal was stroking his face and placing gentle kisses over his eyelids.

“You took me very well. I worried I might kill you.”

Will couldn’t help the near hysterical chuckle at the admission, thinking that it might have been nice to know the risks beforehand.

“I’m glad you didn’t.”

“So am I,” Hannibal replied before covering Will’s mouth with his own in a passionate kiss. One that felt so terribly like it might mean ‘goodbye’.

Will’s body thrummed with pleasure and delight but also sorrow and loss. Then Hannibal began to ease away and the boat swayed ever so slightly as he drew back into the water.

“Wait-” Will practically cried out as he struggled to follow to the edge of the boat, restricted by his half removed clothes, and the spillage of more come from within him as his angle changed.

The creature smiled at him as he started to sink back into the water.

“Don’t worry, we will see each other again, I promise. And I always keep my promises.” The creature told him, tenderly. And then he was gone.

The water rippled for a moment then stilled.

The boat bobbed on the water as Will watched the darkness. He resolved that he would come out on the boat every night if that's what it took to see the creature again.

He would surely become renowned in the area for his fishing prowess and his love of the water.

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